

The most lamentable Tragedie

I read it in the Grammer long agoe.

Moore I list, a verse in *Horace*, right, you haue it,
Now what a thing it is to be an Asse.
Heeres no sound left, the old man hath found their gilt,
And sends the weapons wrapt about with lines,
That wound (beyond their feeling) to the quick:
But were our witty *Empresse* well a foote,
She would applaud *Andronicus* conceit,
But let her rest in her vnrrest a while.

And now young Lords, wast not a happy Starre,
Led vs to Rome strangers, and more then so
Captiues to be aduanced to this height?
It did me good before the Pallace gate,
To braue the Tribune in his brothers hearing.

Demet. But me more good to see so great a Lord,
Basely insinuate, and send vs gifts.

Moore Had he not reason Lord *Demetrius*,
Did you not vse his daughter very friendly?

Demet. I would we had a thousand *Romane* Dames
At such a bay, by turne to serue our lust.

Chiron. A charitable wish and full of loue.

Moore. Heere lacks but your mother for to say Amen.

Chiron. And that would shee fortwenty thousand more.

Demet. Come let vs goe and pray to all the Gods
For our beloued mother in her paines.

Moore. Pray to the deuils, the gods haue giuen vs ouer.

Trumpets sound.

Dem. Why do the Emperors trumpets flourish thus?

Chiron. Belike for ioy the Emperour hath a sonne.

Demet. Soft, who comes heere?

Enter Nurse with a blacke a Moore childe.

Nur. Good morrow Lords, O tell me did you see *Aron* the
Aron. Well, more or lesse, or nere a whit at all, *(Moore*
Heere

of Titus Andronicus,

Heere *Aron* is, and what with *Aron* now?

Nurse. Oh gentle *Aron*, we are all vndone,
Now helpe, or woe betide thee euermore.

Aron. Why what a catterwallowing dost thou keepe,
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine armes?

Nurse. O that which I would hide from heauens eyes,
Our *Empresse* shame, and stately *Romes* disgrace,
She is deliuered Lords, she is deliuered.

Aron. To whome?

Nurse. I meane she is brought a bed.

Aron. Wel God giue her good rest, what hath he sent her?

Nurse. A deuill.

Aron. Why then she is the *Deuils* Dam, a ioy full issue,

Nurse. A ioyles, dismall, blacke, and sorrowfull issue,
Heere is the babe as loathsome as a toad,

Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime,
The *Empresse* sends it thee, thy stampe, thy seale,
And bids thee christen it with thy daggers point.

Aron. Zounds ye whore, is black so base a hue?
Sweet blows, you are a beautilous blossome sure.

Demet. Villaine what hast thou done?

Aron. That which thou canst not vndoe.

Chiron. Thou hast vndone our mother.

Aron. Villaine, I haue done thy mother.

Demet. And therein hellish dog thou hast vndone,
Woe to her chance, and damnd her loathed choyce,
Accurst the offspring of so foule a fiend.

Chiron. It shall not liue.

Aron. It shall not die.

Nurse. *Aron* it must, the mother wils it so.

Aron. What must it *Nurse*? then let no man but I,
Doe execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. Ile broach the tadpole on my Rapiers point,
Nurse giue it me, my sword shall soone dispatch it.

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Aron